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Wm Bronscombe 8.050

How Hard to Wait!

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

It was hard to wait!

But Kitty Hampton could do nothing else. She had learnt the grace of patience, where alone it is to be learnt, in quiet fellowship with Jesus Christ, whom it was her delight to trust. For all that, it was hard to wait.

She had been the contented, happy wife of Reuben Hampton for nearly seven years, and more than once on his fishing trips she had sat and wondered whether he would make his way back in safety. It so often happened that, although the fleet sailed in a fair wind, before the boats could return the weather would suddenly change, and for days together all that the 'wives and mothers' could do was to hope for the best.

Both Kitty and Reuben were familiar with the perils of the sea. Were they not, in the younger days, fishermen's children, living next door to each other? Had they not grown up within sound of the waves ever breaking on the 'cold, gray stones,' and within sight of the changeful deep, both in winter and summer?

There was no mood of the sea which they had not seen—hardly a danger, as children and youths, they had not shared. The vast ocean had a charm for these hardy fisherfolk, which long years of familiarity had wrought into a passion. And the two 'friends' knew it for themselves.

It was a passion with them. They loved the sea; they could not help it. Its very dangers and risks went to make its fascination so keen.

Then, when youth opened out into womanhood and manhood, what could be more natural than that friendship should ripen into the sentiment of a pure love? And Reuben and Kitty found themselves pledged to each other 'till death us do part.'

Never was there a prouder moment in Reuben's life than when he hastened to tell Kitty that he had at last secured a half-share in the famous smack, 'Seabird.'

Soon their cottage was ready, and they began life together. And when there came to their neat home, after two years, a dear tiny daughter, their joy and content were complete.

But now the seventh anniversary of their marriage was near. It was within two days; and the fear was, as Kitty sat at her cottage door, waiting with Jennie dozing on her lap, that Reuben might not be home in time to celebrate it. (That anniversary had always been held sacred by both of them.)

For since the fleet sailed, six days ago, the wind had veered to the stormy quarter, and wind and rain had seemed to combine to do their worst for those who gain the harvest of the sea for a livelihood. It was not that Kitty had lost faith in God that she found it so hard to wait. But what if the 'Seabird' had met with a mishap? What if Reuben in some great effort to bring his boat to harbor in time for the anniversary had 'missed stays,' and the 'Seabird' had capsized, and all hands had perished?

All kinds of fears came to her. Some she dismissed; others tarried. There was the fact to strengthen her alarm, that all the boats that had made the harbor brought the same news, that the weather outside had been 'terrific'—it was almost impossible for any craft to live in it.

WAITING, WITH JENNIE DOZING ON HER LAP.

All Kitty could do was to wait. But in her secret soul she waited upon God. In her heart there was a quiet hush. So many times before she had been afraid, and Reuben had found his way back at length. 'So,' she said to herself, 'it will be again. Reuben is so brave, so skilful, so tactful; if he cannot weather the gale, I fear almost beyond hope for other wives and mothers, whose husbands and sons have not got back.' Still, the suspense was hard to bear.

It was like a whisper from Divine lips when the words came to her: 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.'

At that moment Jennie awoke from her short slumber, and, without looking seaward, Kitty and her daughter entered the cottage. The door was shut, and the table for the evening meal soon spread.

Had the anxious wife only looked across the sea she would have seen far away two or three sails, all making for harbor. Perhaps the keen eyes of wifely love could have detected in one of the boats something which would have thrilled the hope that the 'Seabird' was one of them!

So it proved to be. But, oh! the havoc the storm had wrought! Sails had been torn to ribbons, ropes snapped, nets had been lost. It was all but a miracle that the 'Seabird' had come safely through.

The same evening, after Jennie had been put to bed, Kitty Hampton was seated at the table. The glow of the lamp fell upon the Book that was precious to her husband as well as to herself. She meant to recall the 107th Psalm before retiring for the night. Verse after verse had been read of the wonderful

deliverances God had been wont to bring to pass for those who trusted in him in times of peril.

But when she came to this—'Then are they glad because they be quiet: so he bringeth them unto their desired haven,'—the cottage door was softly opened, and in a moment Reuben and Kitty were clasped in each other's arms.

The Story of Kanaya.

To turn from the old religions of India,—Buddhism or Mohammedanism, and become a Christian,—subjects the convert to keen and probably long continued persecution. Illustrations of this fact are numerous and recur every year. The May number of the 'Missionary Review' tells anew the story of Kanaya, a convert of one of the Presbyterian Missions in the Punjab not far from Lahore. Kanaya's father was named Rama, in honor of the popular god of that name. The son was converted under the preaching of a humble native evangelist. Rama's wife and family were intelligent beyond their neighbors. Five persons belonging to the village were baptized at the same time as Kanaya. The little group of five were bitterly persecuted. Kanaya's wife and children were taken from him, and the five were compelled to form a new settlement for themselves at some distance from the village of which Rama was the head man. The new settlement was called Scottgarh. Kanaya stood firmly by his faith in the Lord Jesus. He greatly longed to see his wife and children, but he could not without danger to his life visit them. He had a legal right to his wife and children, and he at last instituted proceedings to vindicate his rights. Seven times he went to Sialkote, a long journey, to prosecute his claim. He was met by cunning machinations, bribery and innumerable efforts to defeat the ends of justice; but at last it was decided that he could have his children, and his wife if she should be willing. His enemies accepted the decision with pretended submission; but they took immediate measures to hide both wife and children. When Kanaya went to claim his children there was no trace of wife or children to be found, and no information could be obtained as to the direction in which they took their flight. His furniture and all his goods and stores were gone. He could discover no clew to guide his eager search. Still he and his friends expressed their full faith in God that in due time wife and children and Rama himself would be brought into the Christian fold. Five months after the loss of the family, Kanaya while away preaching fell in with a family in great distress owing to the sickness of a child. The parents were in momentary expectation of the little one's death. The father's name was Kalu, and the mother was Kanaya's aunt. Kalu asked the Christians to pray for the baby and give it medicine, and if it recovered they might do with it what they wished. They prayed and they tended the child and it recovered. The mother then told the secret of the hiding of Kanaya's wife and children. The family had been sent into hiding away to Kashmir, in the far North many miles away from their home. The authorities of the district were deeply interested in the woman and the children and Kanaya was forewarned that he would surely be killed if he entered Kashmir in search of them. But he bravely went North accompanied by a friendly Mohammedan. He appealed to the authorities, but they violently opposed and denounced him and assured him that under no circumstances would his family be restored to him. He retraced his steps to his lonely home. He made another pilgrimage which proved equally fruitless, but he still persevered. Kashmir was a native state under native administration. Kanaya again went up North with his faithful Mohammedan friend. Their arrival was the cause of great excitement, for now the British government had become involved in the case, the refugees receiving shelter despite the decision of a British judge that they ought to be given up to Kanaya. When the mourning husband and father appeared before the authorities their first effort was to make him give up Christ. Let him but give up Jesus and he would get back wife and children and get the rents of several villages. All such offers he rejected. The local authorities were informed that England was involved, and had demanded the return of the fugitives. The local judge said, 'Yes, we must give up the woman and the children, but the case is now in my hands and I can postpone it according to my pleasure.' His aim was to gratify the parties that had sworn never to deliver up the children. He delayed the case seventeen days. He ordered adjournment day after day and threatened Kanaya with severe punishment if he failed to appear on the Sunday. He refused to appear on the Sabbath, but was reduced to great weakness of body and to utter destitution. Still, he did not despair. He went to court on Monday trembling with weakness, hunger and fear. He found the judge in most friendly mood. He told Kanaya that three times during the preceding night he had been ordered by two strange visitors to give up the children. He had accordingly come to court that morning solely to give up the children to Kanaya, in obedience to the strange visitors of the preceding night. He accordingly gave to Kanaya the necessary order, and a soldier to guide and help him to get his children. He found the children ill and negleoted, but he took them home rejoicing. The mother was soon converted, and so was Rama. The case had become widely known and was the means of adding to the number of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.—'Presbyterian.'

Luxuries of a Missionary's Table.

Every now and again some vague and ill-founded story gains circulation as to the luxurious lives led by certain missionaries. Commenting on this fact, a speaker at a recent missionary convention, after showing how false such rumors were, tersely expressed the truth when he said that no sane person in his large audience would accept a handsome salary to live amid the surroundings of the average missionary. The miserable environment of his life only intensifies the absence from his friends, and the loss of home comforts. Here is an account of the food upon which a lady missionary in the Congo region lived, as told in 'Regions Beyond':

'For breakfast we have tea or coffee, with porridge, if European stores hold out; if not, "putty-pudding"—i.e., manioc macerated and pressed into large lumps, from which the poisonous juice has been squeezed out. Dinner at midday consists of meat, usually hippopotamus, if we can get it, otherwise bananas and plaintains and sometimes pumpkins, and again "putty-pudding." Some of us eat tinned meat; others, like myself, dislike it so much we prefer to do without. Supper is a repetition of dinner, with the addition of tea. Our diet is tempered by pineapples. These on the Kongo are small but very abundant; we don't cut them in slices, but scoop them out with a spoon. Sometimes on a journey I have had nothing else to eat all day. When I returned home I never wanted to see another! The natives consume bats and parrots; the former, smoked very slowly over wood fires, are considered a great dainty. We can't bring ourselves to eat them. Fowls and eggs are small and scarce, but they do exist.'—'Union Gospel News.'

Three Good Rules for Giving.

A negro church in Jamaica had decided to raise as much from amongst themselves as would support a native evangelist in making known the Gospel to their needy brethren in the 'dark continent,' so a secretary and a day to take up the money were appointed. When the day arrived the old secretary took his seat and when all were assembled, read out the three following resolutions which were agreed to by all—

1st. We will all give something.
2nd. We will give what we can.
3rd. We will all give cheerfully.

But the resolutions were more than mere form to the old secretary. He determined to see them carried out. After several had given as the Lord had prospered them, one old negro, who was known to be better off than the rest came forward and laid two dollars on the table. The secretary pushed them back again, saying, 'That may be according to the first resolution, but it is not according to the second.'

The negro took up his money and went back to his seat much displeased. After a little he again came forward and in a very gruff voice threw down a twenty dollar bill, saying, as he did so, 'There! will that do?' Quietly again the secretary pushed back his bill, saying, 'That may be according to the first and second resolutions, but it is not according to the third.' The negro again took up his money and seated himself at the back of the church, greatly enraged at being thus insulted.

At length he again approached the old Secretary, but this time with his face all smiles, and standing by the table, gently laid down a bill for a hundred dollars, 'I give that cheerfully for Jesus' sake,' he said. The old secretary instantly sprang to his feet, and then catching him by the hand, exclaimed, 'Dat will do; dat am according to all the resolutions.'—'Daybreak.'

Postal Crusade.

HELP WANTED.

Correspondence Editor 'Messenger':

Dear Editor,—Will you kindly ask, through one of your papers, if some one will send the 'World Wide,' one or as many as they can to

PASTOR M. PRAKASAM,
C.B.M. Compound,
Ramachandnaparam, Godavery District,
India.

They keep sending from India and asking me to send them these different papers, and the only way for me is to get someone else to send them, as we are sending just as many now as we can, and they are also praying for picture cards. We send them all that are left over from the infant class and all others that we can get. Oh, if we only could get more money! You see, there is only myself and five girls, and we all try to do as much for our own school as we can. We sent 1,555 papers last year and the same amount of cards, so you see it costs a little bit to do this kind of work. We have thirteen names to send papers and cards to, and we are always adding to the list, others sending and asking for papers and cards. Forgive me for taking up so much of your time.

Yours truly,

E. D.

Subscriptions for Pastor M. Prakasam should be sent direct to the 'Witness' Office, Montreal, addressed Postal Crusade, 'Witness' Office, Montreal. Picture cards when collected should be mailed direct to Pastor Prakasam at Ramachandnaparam, India, and care must be taken to fully prepay the postage.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Birthdays and Miss Amelia.

(Mabel Nelson Thurston, in the 'Wellspring.)

It was the second week in June, and Miss Rivers' roses were in the height of their wonderful blossoming. There were no roses anywhere in the village like those in Miss Rivers' yard. They crowded the garden beds and climbed the fence, and hung delicate festoons of beauty over the old porch; for three long, golden weeks each summer, the little, cheap, commonplace cottage was transformed, transfigured, a place of enchantment.

Jessie Marsh walked slowly by the gate; at the corner of the fence she turned and walked back again.

'She has such bushels of them,' she said, passing the gate a second time. 'The few that I want she'd never miss in the world. And she isn't an ogre—not that I ever heard of (by this time she was facing about at the first corner once more), and I don't care if we don't know each other—I'm going to ask her for a few roses, anyway. We'll know each other after this, if she gives them to me—or if she doesn't, for that matter!'

She pushed the gate open and hurried up the path before her courage should desert her; it was a bit disconcerting to find no doorbell—somehow it seemed so much harder to knock than to ring—but she was not going to be daunted at the last moment. She knocked so imperatively that the sound of it made her cheeks rival the Giant of Battles beside the doorstep.

'I might as well order "Hands up" and be done with it,' she thought, her eyes dancing in spite of her discomfiture. 'What would mother say—poor mother who tried to bring me up to be a lady!'

There was a sound of hurried footsteps within, and then the door opened and Miss Amelia's surprised face was peering up at her. Miss Amelia had thin shoulders, and pale, sandy hair and wistful, near-sighted blue eyes. Jessie, who had often seen her across in the church, never had noticed the expression in her eyes before. To the girl whose thoughts were full of the glowing beauty outside, Miss Amelia looked like some cellar-grown plant which had been denied the grace of blossoming. Suddenly, with a thrill of sympathy, she remembered that Miss Amelia was all alone in the world. No wonder she looked still and shy and shadowy. How could anybody blossom who hadn't anybody to blossom for? Something of the pity of it crept into the girlish voice under the merry words.

'I know you don't know who I am, Miss Rivers, and that makes my asking all the bolder, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm just to ask. I'm Jessie Marsh—we moved here last fall, and we live out Harker's road beyond the mills. To-morrow will be mother's birthday, and we always try to make a special time of it—just with little things that we make, you know, and a cake and candles, the way you do for birthdays. We haven't any flowers because we came too late to get them started, but mother loves them so—and when I was passing and saw yours, I wondered if you'd let me have a few—just half a dozen. I don't know what mother would say to me for asking a stranger, but—I wanted some roses for her so—and yours are so lovely'— She stopped, flushed and incoherent. If only Miss Amelia hadn't looked so bewildered!

'But it isn't the season to start rose cuttings,' Miss Amelia replied. 'I'd be willing to give your mother some, I'm sure, but they wouldn't grow now.'

'Oh, Miss Rivers!' Jessie gasped, struggling between laughter and dismay, 'I didn't mean cuttings. What can you think of me! I only meant a few of the blossoms, if you could spare them—can you, do you suppose? Just a very few?'

Into Miss Amelia's wistful eyes came an excited light. 'Jest roses! Why, you can have all you want. I take them down to the church, but that's the only place I take them. I didn't suppose anybody else wanted any—everybody has their own round here. Wait a minute and I'll get you some scissors.'

She hurried back into the house, reappearing with garden scissors and a pair of old gloves. 'Some of them are real prickly,' she said. 'You'll find you will need the gloves. Now, you just go ahead and cut all that you want; the bushes will never know the difference. I don't keep them cut half as much as they'd ought to be.'

Jessie pulled on the gloves and then nodded brightly at Miss Amelia. It is queer how many things voices say without words. Miss Amelia's voice, under her shy sentences, was full of eager pleasure, and it was that that Jessie answered.

'I shall have a lovely time!' she said.

Miss Amelia went back into the house, and from the sitting-room window she watched the girl going from bush to bush and 'choosing' her roses. She looked like a rose herself, Miss Amelia thought—one of those pink ones that caught the light so, and were so sweet at nightfall. She wished she dared go out there with her, but she wouldn't know what to say. Miss Amelia, in her shy, solitary life, never had learned what to say to people. And, after all, it was pleasure enough just to sit at the window and watch her. Half dimly she realized that solitude would have a new and keener meaning after this, and with the quiet, uncomplaining patience with which she had met her life, she tried to store up comfort for her empty days. 'I guess I'll not forget how she looks down in that corner, with the sun glinting on her hair that way,' she thought. 'I guess 'twill be real company to me to remember.'

The girl was coming back to the house now, her hands full of roses. Miss Amelia met her at the door, and her eyes shadowed with disappointment. 'I thought you'd take more than that,' she said.

'More than this,' Jessie laughed. 'Why, Miss Rivers, I feel like a highway robber! Only they did tempt me so—I kept cutting just one more and one more! I'm afraid now to think what mother will say to me when I tell her how I came by them. Don't you want to know what I'm going to do with them? These pink ones are for mother's own room—she loves pink ones best of all—and the red for the parlor, and the white for the table, and this lovely rosebud of all to be laid on the top of her cake. I would have had pink for the table but that Bob and Betty begged so hard to make daisy chains, and only the white would go with daisies. The chains aren't exactly things of beauty, they're so wobbly and uneven, but mother will love them because the children made them. I think I'll festoon them round the table; they will not be quite so conspicuous then, and the children will be just as happy. And there will be a great jar of nice daisies and grasses in the corner—those are lovely—as lovely as roses, in their way.'

'It sounds real interesting,' Miss Amelia said, wistfully.

Jessie nodded emphatically. 'It is interesting,' she said. 'You have no idea what good times we have at home. I used to wish we were rich, but I don't care much now. for it seems as if we have nicer times than anybody we know. We celebrate all our birthdays—there are six of them—and then there's Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year and Easter and Hallowe'en, of course, and we always celebrate Twelfth Night by taking down the Christmas greens and having a particular kind of raisin cake that mother never makes any other time in the year, and the last day of summer, if it's pleasant, we always go off for an all-day picnic, a sort of out-of-door Thanksgiving for the summer, you know, and oh, I can't tell you half! Mother is always thinking of things, and the children get up so many comical "surprises" that we know about all the while. But this time I shall do the surprising. How they will wonder where all these lovely things came from, Miss Rivers! I'll keep them guessing for a while—see if I don't.'

She carefully put back a Bon Silene that was slipping from its fellows and then looked up with a sigh of regret. 'Well, I suppose I mustn't stand here chattering. I can't tell you how much I thank you, Miss Rivers. If there is ever anything I can do to show you, will you please let me know?'

'I guess there isn't anything,' Miss Amelia returned, 'but I'm real glad to have you take the roses.' It sounded stiff, and she knew it, but she couldn't help it. She never could say things. If she had been able to say things, life would have been very different to Miss Amelia; probably people then would not have spoken of her, as they frequently did, as 'poor Miss Rivers.'

She stood watching Jessie down the path; at the gate the girl turned and waved her hand; Miss Amelia awkwardly waved hers in return. It did not occur to her until an hour afterwards that she might have asked her to come back for more roses before they were all gone. The bitter disappointment of her lost opportunity was followed by a ray of hope; perhaps she would come anyway. Hope was so strange a guest in Miss Amelia's life that she became tremulous with excitement. She could not remember when she had had anything to hope for before.

That evening Miss Amelia sat up till an unwonted hour thinking over her afternoon. She wondered what it would be like to live in a family where things were happening all the time. Miss Amelia could not recall when anything had happened to her, even as a child. Her father had been a solitary man, and if her mother had had any social instincts they had soon been crushed out. But Miss Amelia could not remember her mother very well; she had died when her little daughter was only ten years old. From that time, existence had stretched out gray and monotonous, scarcely disturbed even by her silent father's death. It would have been better for Miss Amelia if she had had to earn her living; she might, with her bread and butter, have earned some power of companionship. But this Miss Amelia did not know, and not knowing, she contrived to make her tiny income match her small need, and lived through the gray days that, one like another, passed in endless procession. Looking out into the moonlit garden, that June evening, however, Miss Amelia for the first time fully realized both her poverty and her wealth. She never had had things—no; but something had happened that afternoon, and if one such day had come, might not the future somewhere hold another?

But not to-morrow—no, certainly not so soon as that, Miss Amelia told herself. It was just because the garden window was the pleasantest that she took her sewing to it.

When in the middle of the afternoon a girl in a blue dress appeared down the street, Miss Amelia's hands began to tremble. When the girl pushed open the gate and walked confidently up the path, Miss Amelia was fairly white.

The girl nodded blithely and went directly to the window. She had a plate covered with a white napkin in her hands, and she set it down on the sill. 'It's some of mother's birthday cake,' she said. 'She sent it with her love, and so many thanks for the roses. She said she never saw such lovely ones. And I was to be sure and tell you that she was so much shocked at the way her daughter obtained them. She was, really, too, only that I coaxed her out of it.' The girl's face dimpled at the remembrance. 'I wish you could have seen the family horror when I confessed what I had done,' she laughed. 'The general opinion seemed to be that I had disgraced them forever.'

'It was real nice of your mother to send me the cake,' Miss Amelia answered. She was red now instead of white. Nobody ever had sent her any birthday cake before.

'It's real nice cake, "if I do say it as should not,"' the girl retorted, saucily. 'I made it, but everybody helped except mother, of course. Father sifted the flour. You should have seen the way he powdered himself in the process; isn't it funny how clumsy men are about things—little, simple things like sifting flour and sewing on buttons?' she laughed.

Miss Amelia leaned over the window. She was too unused to guests to think just then of inviting the girl in.

'Will you take some more roses?' she asker eagerly.

But Jessie shook her head. 'Oh, not to-day —I couldn't!' she protested; then, seeing the disappointment in Miss Amelia's face, a sudden impulse came to her. 'But I'd like to do something else if you'd let me,' she added. 'I'd like to bring mother up here some evening before the roses go—may I?'

'I'd be real pleased to have her,' Miss Amelia replied, with a formality belied by her brightening eyes. 'You'd better come to-morrow—this spell of dry weather ain't going to last much longer.' She was conscious as she spoke of a thrill of amazement at her own ready speech.

'Not to-morrow,' Jessie answered; 'we could not then, but I think we could the day after. I do so want her to see this lovely place before it begins to change. So day after to-morrow, if you'll let us come, Miss Rivers.'

'Day after to-morrow,' Miss Amelia repeated, happily. That night Miss Amelia had a wonderful supper. She broke the birthday cake delicately, prolonging her feast; she was scarcely conscious of the taste, so potent was its ministration to her starved soul. Perhaps it was the cake that gave her her inspiration. She would make cake for day after to-morrow. Strawberries were ripe, too, and she could buy some cream; and she would get out some of her mother's linen and the best china. Never in her life before had Miss Amelia been so excited. She was glad that she had a day between to get ready in—it was none too much.

The next two days were wonderful ones to Miss Amelia. When finally, at three o'clock on the second afternoon, everything was ready, she was too excited to sit down; she kept running upstairs and down cellar on needless errands, and if Jessie and her mother had not soon appeared, she would have worn herself out.

Jessie's mother was a tiny creature who had to look up to her tall daughter; she even had to look up to Miss Amelia, a little way. There had been times in the two days when Miss Amelia had been frightened at the thought of meeting a stranger, but at the first glance of the warm brown eyes all her fear melted away forever, and great joy filled her heart. For the brown eyes told her that one of life's great gifts had come to her. The little feast, prepared with so much joy, revealed itself a sacrament of friendship. That night, with trembling fingers, Miss Amelia wrote the date,' 'June seventeenth, 1889,' in her Bible under record of her own birth. She knew with a sure and beautiful knowledge that life had come to her at last.

The days that followed wonderfully fulfilled the promise of the June afternoon. Tea at the Marshes came first; then Miss Amelia was called to help in a picnic for some of the mill girls, and then in the preparations for Betty's birthday; she was coaxed into calling upon Jean Maylow with her crippled body and brave spirit, and even, before she realized it, promised to help in a church sociable. Under all the new interest, Miss Amelia's face began to show a soft color, and the blue lights deepened in her eyes, and for days at a time she actually forgot that she didn't know how to talk to people. 'You're a witch,' Jessie told her mother; 'you're witching her young and she never suspects it.'

All the time Miss Amelia was thinking. It seemed such an audacious thing—what she was thinking—that it was weeks berfore she dared to speak of it, but at last, one day when Jessie was away, she nerved herself to tell the little mother. Miss Amelia loved Jessie dearly, but she was only a girl; there were so many things she couldn't understand; Jessie's mother always understood.

'I've been thinking about something for a long time,' she said. 'I'm afraid it's real presumptuous of me, but I want to ask you, anyway. It's about birthdays. You see, I never had any all my life—we never took account of any such things when I was a girl. I remember I used to get sort of blue sometimes when I was young, and wonder why I couldn't have things like other girls, but it's been a good many years since I thought anything about it till I knew you folks. When I saw how much you made of these things, I realized what I'd been missing all my life.

'Then one night, after I'd seen Jean Maylow and those mill girls, it all came over me sudden that there was lots of other folks left out, too, and maybe the Lord had fixed my life the way it is just so's I could help some of these others. And I wondered why I couldn't celebrate six birthdays a year, too, even if I didn't have anybody belonging to me. There's Jean Maylow—I don't believe she ever had one, and old Mary Brown and Little Ruth Danvers—I've got all the names written down. And I know their birthdays, too; it's queer, but they come real regular, just about two months apart, so's I'd have plenty of time to think up things for each, the way you folks always do. That's the plan that's been going through my head. I wish you'd tell me what you think of it.'

The little mother leaned over with shining eyes and kissed Miss Amelia's flushed face. 'Dear Miss Amelia,' she said, 'I think it is all beautiful!'

So that is the way Miss Amelia found her inheritance in God's great kingdom of love—an inheritance whose richness was to increase for her through all the coming years. Yet, oddly enough, the first birthday that came found her all unprepared. She was just getting supper one September evening when a knock called her to the door. She opened it, only to stare out speechlessly. For on the doorstep stood Jessie and the three children, each of the four loaded with bundles, and each shouting excitedly, 'Many happy returns, Miss Amelia!'

Miss Amelia dropped helplessly into the nearest chair. 'How—how did you know?' she stammered.

'I wheedled it out of you when you didn't know it,' Jessie answered triumphantly. 'Didn't I tell you I did dreadful things? And mother and father are coming in a few minutes with the cake—just wait till you see that cake, Miss Amelia! And we are going to set the table and have things all ready by the time they come, and if Betty has to wait another minute before she gives you the pincushion she has made for you she will simply fly to pieces! You dear Miss Amelia! Did you think you are the only one that could have fun with birthdays?'

And Miss Amelia answered not one word—but nobody misunderstood.

'He Died For Me.'

Dr. Pentecost has been telling a touching little story which, he says, has always been a great favorite of his. It is as follows:—

'A good many years ago I was preaching in a great music hall in Aberdeen. After the meeting was over and nearly all the lights had been put out, I was on the platform talking to two or three gentlemen, when, in the half darkness, I noticed behind me a little Scotch lassie of the common people. She had on a ragged cotton frock, she was bare-footed, and her hair was unkempt.

'I was rather annoyed that the child should be there at that time of night. I said "Why are you following me about? Go home." Her poor little forlorn face looked up into mine, and she said, "Eh, mon, I want to get saved." I said, "Do you think I can save you?" The little thing drew back and replied, "Na, na, you canna, but Jesus can." I said, "What has Jesus done to save you?" "He died for me." "Oh, then, he's dead, is he?" "Na, na," she cried, "He's no deid. Dinna fash me. Mon, he's no deid. He died for me, but he's alive up yonder. He can save me. Oh mon, I want to get saved!"

'The little one,' adds Dr. Pentecost, 'grasped the whole situation. Jesus died for her, but he is not dead, because God raised him from the dead, and he is able to save to the uttermost everyone who comes to God by him.'—'Christian Age.'

Among the Moravian missions of the Yukon valley, few of the natives can read or write. At bedtime a bell rings, and the entire population goes to the churches. A chapter in the Bible is read, a prayer offered, a hymn sung; and the men, women and children return to their homes and go to bed.

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The Closed Door.

(Vriginia W. Frame, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The room had come to have a significance to the imaginative nature of the two girls, second only to their early belief in fairy tales. They had come to visit their grandparents with hearts filled with enthusiasm, and their welcome had been all and more than they had anticipated.

The old people had received them with open arms, glad for the young life that had come to them, and glad of the sound of young voices in the halls. The house with its long corridors, and its general air of wealth and luxury, was thrown open to them, wholly and entirely at their service, with the exception of one room.

This room faced the east, occupying the sunniest corner of the house. The corridor leading to it was dark and narrow, with a veritable Bluebeard atmosphere about it, so thought the little girls. Only one servant about the place had been known to enter its sacred portals, and, as the priestesses of old, her lips were sealed to all inquiries. It added to the mystery that no one had been prohibited from entering, and, though the door was commonly supposed to be locked, no one was known to have tried the knob.

From the moment of the discovery of its existence, the two girls lost all concern for the rest of the house, and centred their interests here. Jane deserted the library, where she had spent the first few days of their visit, curled up in one of the soft leather chairs, deep in the enchantment of some romance, for the more living question. She imagined treasures stored in the closed room, and jewels laid away in some rich caskets; pearls, diamonds, and precious stones of great value; fine pictures and art treasures from the old world, which had been gathered with infinite expense, and, blessed thought, perhaps there were fine frocks and rare, dainty trained gowns hanging in the closets, and upholstered furniture in pale silks and satins.

Alice pooh-poohed this theory in lively derision; she was sure there were no ghosts, or may-be a lunatic, or perhaps—oh, the joy in the thought—the kind-hearted grandmother was hiding a hunted murderer from the hands of justice! Only such stirring imagery could have kept the lively Alice from the company of her beloved dogs and horses, and make her sit for hours, as dreamy as Jane herself, under the one elm of the place directly under the window of the room.

One day they questioned the grandparents, but their inquiries were so indefinite, or as they chose to think, their elders' powers at concealment were such, that there was little satisfaction.

'Grandpa,' Alice had abruptly asked, as the four sat on the wide veranda, one warm and sunny afternoon, 'grandpa, are you afraid of ghosts?'

The old couple sat hand in hand. It had been thus from the first; sweethearts at sixteen, sweethearts at three score and ten. The children had placed themselves on the steps, Jane sitting startle-eyed at the audacity of her sister's question, Alice calmly rocking herself as she nursed her knee and looked off over the hills.

'Ghosts, dearie, ghosts,' the old man said, pressing the small wrinkled hand held in his, 'ghosts are one form of being with whom I have never come in contact.' He turned his eyes to his wife as he made answer, for since she had given him the answer to that ever-portent question, which had been the turning point of his life he had considered all decisions as valueless unless stamped with the approval of his gentle dictator.

Alice's small red lips tightened; her grandfather was evidently afraid to meet her eye. Next Jane timidly advanced her theories.

'Grandmother,' she sweetly asked, 'wouldn't you love to have lived in the days of the beautiful princes and princesses, when everybody wore pink satin and diamond buckles, and long trains and pages to carry them? But maybe you did wear satins and trains when you were a girl?' she added, for she vaguely conceived her grandmother's youth as somewhere located in the far-away land of the Long Ago. Children reckoned time by the generous lengths of the indefinite Future, while with the aged, it is computed by the close-lined measure of the swift receding Past.

'No, honey,' the grandmother answered, 'you know I was poor as a girl, living with my father on a farm, and my best gown was a lawn, my second best a crinoline. Very elaborate affairs they were, too, for a time. After married grandpa,' she paused, turning to look for what she always found in his eyes, then continued, 'I had one silk gown, which is all I had until your mother and auntie were grown girls. Then we became rich——'

'As the world accounts wealth,' the man interrupted, 'though I had been rich twenty-five years.'

If this was so Jane wondered why grandma had only one silk gown, for she had never thought grandpa stingy. One pair of eyes smiled comprehensively, and the free hand travelled over the rich folds of her black satin skirt, as she added, a note of affectionate complaint in her voice, 'But now grandpa wants me to have a new silk every week, and my old one's as good as new.'

Alice hazarded one more hint. 'Grandpa,' she said, 'if a great big, bold man, awful wicked, you know, had killed another man and then run away, would you hide that wicked man if he came to your house to get hid?'

This time Jane fairly gasped at the other's temerity. The two old people laughed more heartily than the little girls had ever seen them before. The grandmother had to wipe the tears from her eyes and the grandfather was quite red with merriment as he asked what occasion had put such notions into the little head. This time Alice was certain he was begging the question. Her active young brain began to devise new schemes for solving the mystery, and to herself she said, 'I bet you I'll know pretty soon,' not realizing how soon.

It was after luncheon as she was going upstairs to her apartments that she passed before the corridor leading to the closed room. Her lively imagination was weaving glittering fancies about its secrets, when from behind the door came the sound of a voice. It was not loud, spectral, nor unearthly, but coming suddenly and unexpectedly as it did, it caused Alice to make a misstep and she fell backwards down the stairs. There followed the confused sense of a cry for help from Jane, her grandmother's distressed voice, the feeling of warm air, then she sank into a swoon.

The first sound that came to her ears as she began to regain consciousness was the crackling of a fire. To her dulled sense the sound meant nothing, nor did the words spoken near her carry any significance.

'And this has been our refuge, John,' the voice was saying, 'when all the riches seemed too oppressive. How often we have slipped away from the rest of the world, its form and its show, to rest us here.'

'Yes,' came the answer, 'and here I seem to see you again just as I used to when you were a girl. Your hair becomes gold in the light of fond memories, and the little 'kerchief about your throat makes your face as young as the look in your eyes.'

'And you, I see,' rejoined the other, 'a tall, dark-eyed lad in knickers with sword at side, this dear old sword,' a pause, and the sound of a soft step. 'And after—' another pause, 'you'd never let your chair rest on this side of the hearth and mine on that, but both have always stood side-by-side.'

Alice stirred, and the voice was directly above her. 'The dear child is waking up, John, do you suppose she will laugh at our room? Jane did not, but—Alice——'

'Alice,' said the other, 'will see through the outer covering even more than did our dreamy little Jane.'

At the second mention of her name Alice opened her eyes. Through the window at her feet, she made out the dark branches of an elm and with the sight came the realization that she was in the closed room; this made her shut her eyes with a snap. Was she really in that realm of her imaginings? Were the far-away voices she heard, the voices of the ghosts or some such species of supernatural being? Or, most horrible of suspicions! was a wild-eyed murderer hovering near her, all ready to add her name to the list of his victims? Her heart beat with terrifying loudness and grew uncomfortably large in her throat.

After a moment of profound stillness, in which the sound of breathing was audible very near her, she heard her grandfather's voice repeat her name. Very cautiously she opened one eye—she had heard of the deceptive tricks of murderers. The sight of the familiar face of her old grandfather encouraged her to open the other eye, and with the first glimpse of her surroundings she sat bolt upright in bed.

Her glance fell on the bright red carpet, the fireplace with smouldering logs upheld by old-fashioned andirons, a sword in whose ungainly shape she failed to recognize the colonial weapon, and on the furniture, rough-hewn and homely. On the table in the centre of the room were bunches of marigolds and honey-suckle, on the mantel were two portraits, one of a fair haired girl with poke bonnet and wide hooped skirt, in whose demure countenance Alice found a strong resemblance to her dear grandmother's sweet face, and guessed that the black-eyed youth in the other portrait must be her grandfather. Other strange pictures were about the walls, ladies in ruffs and ruffles, men in powdered wigs, and small children with the most elaborate costumes. The whole furnishings of the room seemed to have been transported from an attic of the days gone by. Alice looked questioningly from one to the other of her companions, then back again at the room, and rising, tripped over to the fireplace.

'Isn't it jolly!' she cried.

'Yes,' exclaimed Jane, just coming in, with a book in her hand to settle herself in one of the cane-bottomed chairs before the fire, 'and isn't it homey?'

'It was Jane who knew, after all,' whispered the old man.'

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Sarah Louisa's Boy.

The screens had been up around the next cot all day since The Boy was brought in, but they were down now, and Sarah Louisa, turning restlessly upon her pillow, met a pair of bright, dark eyes fixed upon her. There seemed to be a voice attached to the eyes and it was saying in friendly tones:

'Ain't it jolly here? I've never been to a hospital before, have you?'

'No,' answered Sarah Louisa, looking her amazement at this view of affairs; 'I haven't, and don't want to again. I've been here as long as ever I want to be.'

'Why, I think it's fine! There's winders; I ain't never had winders in the room—not real ones, only teenty—an' oh, my! don't this bed feel good an' soft! All the beds I ever seen is hummocky, an' there ain't no white things on 'em, either.'

His listener drew a long breath. Oh, dear! she had always had windows and white things at least.

'I got all smashed up this morning,' went on the voice, cheerfully; 'I was comin' out of the alley, an' there was a carriage with a little girl in it 'bout as big as me, but my! wasn't she a queen! a reg'lar picture. Couldn't take my eyes off'n her, an' while I was lookin', another team got right on top of me. I don't remember nothin' more till I woke up here.'

'Where did it hurt you?' asked Sarah Louisa, forgetting the pain of her hip.

'I dun'no. I guess it's all of me. Can't seem to move nothin' only my hands. I don't care much, though; I been movin' pretty lively ever since I was born, I guess I can afford to take a rest. I'm glad you're here, it'll be comp'ny.'

For the first time since her arrival, Sarah Louisa felt a faint gladness herself. She secretly resolved to be as entertaining as possible and began casting about in her mind for ways to accomplish it.

'Maybe Susie'll come to-morrow,' she reflected, 'and bring some flowers. If she does, he can have 'em. I don't s'pose he ever had flowers, either.'

'Did you ever go up to the country, Boy?'

'Nope. I was goin' onct—Fresh Air you know—but Billy didn't have no ticket, so I gave him mine. Billy's only seven, I'm eight, you know. Did you ever?'

'I live there—Susie and me. She's my sister, that takes care of me. Mother's gone to heaven.'

'I ain't got none, nor any sister, neither; there ain't nobody but just me, only Billy. Billy's my chum, lives in the next alley. He's got a grandmother—he lets me give her things sometimes, like she was mine. Billy's awful good. He said the country was grand that time he went.'

'Oh, it is! The sky's as blue! and there's trees and grass and chickens, and—oh, everything! I wish you could see 'em.'

The little country girl felt a curious enthusiasm over these things at this minute, quite different from the feelings when she had been among them. They grew suddenly dear by contrast.

'I wisht I could,' The Boy said, wistfully. 'P'r'aps there'll be another chance some time, when I get mended up. I should think you'd be awful happy, livin' there for always. I guess I would be. But then, I'm pretty happy anyway. There's some sky there. If you go out in the middle of the street, you can see it.' Sarah Louisa had plenty of food for deep thought the rest of the afternoon. It had never occurred to her to be particularly thankful for her country home or for the loving care bestowed upon her by a devoted older sister. The perpetual pain in her hip seemed to overshadow all that. Now, as she lay there thinking of this other one who had nobody, and who was thankful for a glimpse of sky between roofs, it dawned upon her that there might be worse things than pains.

The friendship thus begun progressed rapidly. Sarah Louisa came to regard The Boy with a peculiar sense of possession. Her twelve years of life had been mostly spent in thinking of her small suffering self and she had never loved anyone with a real unselfish love before. Now, when Susie brought her flowers and fruit from their tiny farm, she lavished them all upon The Boy, watching his delight with eager eyes. If the sweet-faced nurses found time to read to their little charges, it was always his favorite story that she chose. When the doctors were forced to hurt his poor, bruised little body, she cried in her pillow; and one day, when it seemed he must slip away from them altogether, she nearly broke her heart with grieving.

After that came brighter days, when The Boy found that he could move not only his hands but his arms, and predicted with unfailing optimism: 'I'm a-limberin' up. It'll strike my feet next.'

In these days, also, came Billy, to stand, red with shamefaced joy, fingering a ragged cap, and delivering in astonishing English such news of the street as he deemed calculated to please his chum.

Sarah Louisa could sit in a wheeled chair now for a little while at a time. She was chiefly glad, because she could get closer to The Boy's cot, and, looking with him at pictures in the ward scrap-books, make up wonderful tales which made his eyes widen with interest.

After an especially happy afternoon spent in this way, she lay resting in a half doze. Night had spread her wings softly over the ward, lulling to sleep those who might sleep, and quieting even those who must suffer. At intervals the night-nurse made her rounds, soothing one, giving medicine to another, always noiseless and tender. Sarah Louisa wondered drowsily if angels were like that, ministering angels, you know, that the Bible tells about. She watched her white cap fade into the dim distances beyond the ward door. The hall light gleamed hazily, like the evening star over Bennett's Hill, when there was a fog.

The next Sarah Louisa knew she was wide awake, sitting straight up in bed. The haze had deepened in the room, she could hardly see the door, and a queer strangled feeling was in her throat. Confused sounds came up from below. Outside, the bells of fire-engines mingled with cries and shouts. Steps came bounding up the stairs, and the doctors and nurses began to drag patients from the cots nearest the door.

Sarah Louisa sat fairly paralyzed with terror. Not for herself—she did not think of herself at all—but for The Boy. Would they ever get to him? His bed was nearest the wall at the extreme end from the entrance.

The rescuers had reached the lower hall with all the patients but these two, when the stairs fell in with a sickening crash. The children did not understand what had happened, but they knew that no one came after that. Only tongues of flame curled around the doorway, and licked greedily across the floor. All at once the girl's brain cleared, when she realized that she alone, weak and crippled, must come between her dear one and swift destruction.

Making an intense effort, she put her feet to the floor and stood upon them, her lame hip rebelling at every move. A few painful steps brought her to the wheeled chair, standing against the wall. She threw herself into it and wheeled to The Boy's side.

'Put your arms around my neck,' she directed, bending over him.

'You can't never do it, Sarah; you can't!' cried the poor child, shrinking back.

'Yes, I can, too. I must. Put 'em up, quick!' and this time he obeyed.

Exerting all her slender strength, she drew his helpless little figure—pitifully light—but to her so heavy—into her lap.

'Hold on tight,' she told him, encouragingly; 'I'll get you out somehow.'

Choked and blinded by the dense smoke, she turned the wheels with trembling hands, and finally succeeded in reaching a window. Thank heaven, it was open! Struggling up toward the welcome air to breathe, she screamed very loudly for help. Even through the din without, her shrill, childish voice was heard. Looking up, the crowd became frantic at the sight revealed by the fire's glare—white faces of children doomed to a horrible death. Already the walls of the building trembled, while crackling flames hissed and seethed behind them.

'Come on, Jim,' called one fireman to another, 'put up a ladder there quick. We've got to save 'em or die tryin'. Who'll go up with me?'

'I will!' came ready response. Up—up—they crept, the spliced ladder swaying beneath them. It seemed to Sarah Louisa, quivering with agony under the strain of her precious burden, that they would never reach the window. At last, a helmeted head rose above the sill, and a pair of strong arms were held out to her.

'Him first,' she gasped, thrusting The Boy into them.

The crowd held its breath for an instant till it saw him passed along to the man just below, and his brave little companion drawn out also, then, as the descent to safety began, burst into mad cheering.

Sarah Louisa wears a silver medal presented to her for courageous action in danger; but she is not half so proud of it as she is of a certain small boy who accompanies her halting walks around the farm, and who, though not too strong himself, is her faithful bodyguard and Susie's right-hand man.—'The Advance.'

The Love of God.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost,—
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,—
Cost of love, which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.
—'Waif.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Stormy Petrel's Warning

(By Geo. E. Walsh, in 'Christian Advocate').

It was a dull, leaden day in summer, and the great Atlantic Ocean was moaning a strange song of sorrow for the dead which it had swallowed up, for it was just after one of the hurricanes which occasionally sweep up the coast and destroy ships by the score. The clouds were dark and heavy overhead; the waves white and fleecy with foam and spray. The shore birds had retreated inland during the storm; but now they were returning to their accustomed haunts along the water's edge, glad that the storm had spent its fury.

But suddenly out of the dull roaring of the sea there came a sound which made the plovers, ducks, snipe and terns stop their feeding and look up inquiringly. It was the distant cry of a bird borne to their ears far across the tossing waves. At first the birds wondered if one of their number had been washed out to sea and was calling for help; but a few moments later they caught the more distant cry of the sea bird, and a small tern, which was soaring high in the air, called down to its mate:

'Its only one of Mother Carey's chickens.'

'Oh, indeed,' replied the tern on the sand. 'I wonder if it has had a good time in the storm. I can never understand why a bird should like to go so far out to sea.'

'Neither can I,' spoke up a grebe; but, then, that isn't strange, for the shore birds around here can't understand why I like to dive so much; but I do, and I suppose it's because I was made to dive.

With that the grebe walked toward the water, swam out where it was deep, and then disappeared deep down in the water. For a long time it did not appear again, but the birds looked out of curiosity to see it come up half a mile away. It suddenly bobbed its head up within a foot of the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, whose voice had so startled the feeding birds on the beach.

'You frightened me!' exclaimed the petrel. 'Where did you come from so suddenly?'

'From the bottom of the sea,' answered the grebe; with a violent shake of its head and feathers. 'But where did you come from?'

'O, I came from the middle of the sea—a thousand miles away.'

'I should think you would be tired out, and want to rest on the shore.'

'I never get tired,' answered the petrel, 'or if I do I rest on the waves, or sleep under the stern of a passage ship. I would feel lost on the shore.'

The two were now slowly making their way toward the shore birds. The grebe was swimming rapidly, but the little petrel half-flew and half-walked over the surface of the sea, making such speed that the grebe could hardly keep up with it.

'What are the birds doing on the water now?' asked the petrel, surveying the different flocks floating around or skimming far out over the waves on strong wings.

'They are eating their dinner and flying around for exercise,' answered the grebe. 'They are all so glad that the storm is over.'

'Over? Do they think this storm is over?' asked the petrel, incredulously. 'Why, it has just begun. The worst of it is coming up the coast. It is so violent that I am flying just ahead of it to keep out of its way.'

'Are you sure of that?' asked the grebe, doubtingly.

'Did you ever know a petrel to make a mistake? Don't we know

Mother s Girl.

Up, up in the morning early
For nobody else must ring
The bell for mother's breakfast
The merriest ting-a-ting!

Away to the garden after,
For nobody else but she
Must gather the flowers for mother,
And lay them on mother's knee.

Then off with her book of spelling,
For nobody knows so well,
It's every daughter's duty,
To work and to learn to spell.

There's nobody quite so precious
As mother's own girl, you know:
The queen of the house, God bless her;
'Twas mother who told me so!

—M. Maddick.

every storm that comes up, and when to expect them? If the birds are all as doubting as you I'll go back, and not tell them.'

'No, they will believe you,' said the grebe. 'Go and warn them. They are flying far out to sea, and some of them will get caught.'

'Oh, well, what is it to me? I'm not appointed their guardian. If they must be foolish, don't blame me.'

But despite this apparently heartless reply the petrel skimmed over the surface of the sea, and called out in its peculiar way the warning that danger was approaching. Many of the other birds heard it, and prudently stayed in near shore, but the young and more venturesome ones laughed at the petrel's cry and continued to search for food far out to sea.

Finally the petrel reached the outermost flock of young terns, and warned them, saying in unmistakable words: 'A storm is coming. You are too far out, and you'll get caught in it.'

'What a foolish petrel that is!' answered one of the terns. 'The storm has been here, and is now over.'

Still the petrel shrilly uttered its cry of warning, circling around and around the terns, and then finally it added: 'The storm is now here, and I must fly away before it. It will be too late for you to escape if you wait much longer.'

Again the young terns scoffed at it, and to show their disbelief in such prophecy they flew half a mile further from the shore; but when they turned in their flight they saw the stormy petrel far off in the distance, half-flying and half-running over the water toward the north. Its cry, borne to them on the salt air, seemed now to say, 'foolish birds! Foolish birds!'

Then it occurred to the young terns that probably they were not as wise as they thought, for they remembered that the stormy petrels had always been sure prophets concerning the weather. Instinctively they turned their heads toward the distant shore, but before they had flown a dozen yards a puff of wind struck them, and then another and another. In vain they tried to fly against the gale, which steady increased. They could hear the shriek and chatter of the other birds, but they knew that their fate was sealed.

For half an hour they struggled with the wind, and then, unable to stand up against it longer, they fell into the sea, and were washed out into mid-ocean before the fierce hurricane. They were never seen again on the coast, but one day, far out at sea, a Mother Carey chicken happened to see dead bodies floating around, and it was heard to say, 'foolish birds!'

A Story of Some Sunday Picture Cards.

(By Frank S. Scudder, in 'Christian Intelligencer').

Japanese children are very fond of picture cards, and there are very pretty ones printed in Japan; but they are especially fond of the cards with Bible pictures on them, and those are not made in Japan, so I have used a great many of the English cards which we use in our Sunday Schools in America. These pictures are strange to them, and the bright colors attract them, so they are very glad to listen to the story of the picture.

One day, while riding in the cars, I gave one to a little girl that sat near me. In the picture was a little boy holding a basket with bread and fishes, and standing in front of Jesus. There was also a lake and a great crowd of people on the shore. I began to show these things to the little girl and to tell how the wonderful man in the picture was sorry for the many people who had listened to His teaching till they were very hungry; and how it was night, and they were far away from any place where they could buy food. Many people began to listen and I told all the story of how this man fed those thousands of people with a few loaves and fishes. By and by a man asked me who was this wonderful man; and then I said it was Jesus. After that many people did not want to listen, but they had already heard the good story, and I had been able to tell them the story of Jesus because I had the picture card.

On another day I stood by a jinrikisha stand, while I was waiting for the men to decide which one would pull me to the place where I wanted to go. There were about 100 jinrikisha men, and I gave one of them a card. Immediately several other men asked for one. As soon as the rest of them saw these, all the men began to crowd and push and ask for the cards; one man said: 'Please give me some for my childdren.' Another, 'I want one for my sick child.' And so I gave cards to as many as I could. Soon the men began to read some of the cards which had Japanese on them, and I was rewarded by having some of them come with thanks saying: 'Master, we understand, that is good teaching; thank you,' or 'that is the true religion, Christianity treats us kindly.'

I cannot always stop to tell the story when I give a card, but every card makes some one happy, and helps to make some one think that they would like to hear about Christianity. They make little friends for me, too, for which I am thankful.

The Thieves.

The Eastern farmers had come to pay their rent, which was gladly received by the owner of the lands. He placed the bags of money in a corner of his room, and then reclined on his cushions to enjoy a plentiful supper, thinking how nice it was to be rich. Afterwards he lay down to rest, his lamp burning and his money-bags near him. Some robbers came. The walls were built of clay, hardened by the sun. They began to dig a hole through the wall. Soon they were able to reach an arm through. They snatched the bags of money and made off at their utmost speed. The rich man awoke and found his treasure gone. Imagine his dismay as he vainly rushed to the door. We should not set our hearts on earthly treasures, 'where thieves break through and steal.'—'Light in the Home.'

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LESSON III.—JULY 17.

Asa's Good Reign.

II. Chronicles xiv., 1-12.

Golden Text.

'Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee.' II. Chronicles xiv., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 11.—II. Chron. xiv., 1-15.
Tuesday, July 12.—I. Kings xv., 1-10.
Wednesday, July 13.—I. Kings xv., 25-34.
Thursday, July 14.—II. Chron. xv., 1-9.
Friday, July 15.—II. Chron. xv., 10-19.
Saturday, July 16.—II. Chron. xvi., 1-14.
Sunday, July 17.—I. Kings xv., 16-24.

1. So Abijah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city of David: and Asa his son reigned in his stead. In his days the land was quiet ten years.

2. And Asa did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord his God:

3. For he took away the altars of the strange gods, and the high places, and brake down the images, and cut down the groves:

4. And commanded Judah to seek the Lord God of their fathers, and to do the law and the commandments.

5. Also he took away out of all the cities of Judah the high places and the images: and the kingdom was quiet before him.

6. And he built fenced cities in Judah: for the land had rest, and he had no war in those years; because the Lord had given him rest.

7. Therefore he said unto Judah, Let us build these cities, and make about them walls, and towers, gates, and bars, while the land is yet before us; because we have sought the Lord our God, we have sought him, and he hath given us rest on every side. So they built and prospered.

8. And Asa had an army of men that bare targets and spears, out of Judah three hundred thousand; and out of Benjamin, that bare shields and drew bows, two hundred and fourscore thousand: all these were mighty men of valor.

9. And there came out against them Zerah the Ethiopian with an host of a thousand thousand, and three hundred chariots; and came unto Mareshah.

10. Then Asa went out against him, and they set the battle in array in the valley of Zephathah at Mareshah.

11. And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee.

12. So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa, and before Judah; and the Ethiopians fled.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Last week we learned of the idolatry of the Northern kingdom, Israel, under Jeroboam. This week we turn to the history of Judah, the Southern kingdom.

Rehoboam reigned seventeen years, years full of trouble, as the record says, 'And there was war between Rehoboam and Jeroboam, all their days.' I. Kings xiv., 30. Moreover, Shishak, King of Egypt, attacked Judah and, in spite of the defenses Rehoboam built, he lost a number of cities, and Jerusalem was saved only by the surrender of the treasures of the temple and the king's palace. The shields of gold which Solomon had made, were taken, and were replaced with bronze shields. See II. Chronicles xii., 5-12. This trouble came upon Rehoboam for the idolatry and the wickedness of himself and his people. He is classed with the kings who did evil in the sight of the Lord. He was succeeded by his son, Abijah, called Abijam in I. Kings, who reigned but three years, and 'walked in all the sins of his father.'

Asa, the son of Abijah, was the third king of Judah. He seems to have been about twenty years old, according to Rawlinson, when he came to the throne, and he 'did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord.' He reigned forty-one years, during which seven kings ruled in Israel. Asa's reign began in Judah as Jeroboam's was closing in Israel.

This lesson is taken from II. Chronicles, though the last one was from I. Kings. I. and II. Kings originally formed one book, as did I. and II. Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah. Kings and Chronicles cover the period during which the people were ruled by kings, both before and after the division. Chronicles, however, is the fuller history, and contains genealogies of Israel.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'So Abijah slept with his fathers.' After continuing the evil way of his father for three years, Abijah died, and was buried in Jerusalem. He was succeeded by his son, Asa, and 'the land was quiet for ten years.' After the troubles and disasters of the two preceding reigns God granted a rest to the country with the coming of a new king. The Lord punished the Jews for their sins, but he did not allow the punishment to continue until they were utterly destroyed as a people.

2-5. 'And Asa did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord his God.' A great change is now coming about for Israel. Since Solomon turned to idols (I. Kings xi., 4), Jerusalem had not known a righteous king. But Asa does right in God's sight, 'for he took away the altars of the strange gods,' and proceeded to abolish completely the worship of idols in Judah.

Having put away the outward means of sinning, Asa turned to the people themselves, 'and commanded Judah to seek the Lord.' A revival of the true religion was now started in Judah, and the people were returning to God. If you intend to be at peace with your Lord, the idols and the altars you have set up in your own heart must be given up. Matthew xvi., 24-26.

Asa's good character is a source of encouragement to persons who have not had the great help of Christian parents and a Christian home. Here was a man whose ancestors for three generations had done evil and worshipped idols, and had sunk the kingdom into idolatry and great wickedness, yet he rises, by the help of God, above all this and lifts his nation with him back to the worship of God.

6-8. 'So they built and prospered.' Having looked after the spiritual needs of his people Asa now turned to their temporal interests, a very good order of procedure. 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

As we have noted, the king of Egypt had attacked Judah in the time of Rehoboam and had taken several cities, so that the land was naturally in urgent need of better defences. Asa urged the building of fortified cities during this time of peace—'while the land is yet before us.' It had been conjectured that he had thrown off the oppressive relations with the king of Egypt, and was consequently expecting an invasion.

Notice that Asa, in verse 7, attributes the peace and prosperity during this early part of his reign to the fact that they had sought the Lord. It was right also to take the usual precautions for defending his kingdom, even while looking to God for protection. We are to trust God and do the best we can in temporal affairs.

Not only were the walls and towers of the cities put into good condition but Asa had an army drawn from his two tribes, and numbering five hundred and eighty thousand men. The soldiers of Judah were more heavily armed than those of Benjamin.

9-12. 'Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude.' Asa and his people came to a day, after their years of peace, when they had need of all these preparations.

'And there came out against them Zerah the Ethiopian with an host of a thousand thousand, and three hundred chariots.' Zerah is not yet identified for a certainty in secular history, but he must have been a ruler of considerable power to have an army of a million men, 'the largest collected army of which we hear in Scripture,' says one commentator.

Here was Asa outnumbered about two to one. What was he to do? He follows the same rule that he followed in setting his kingdom aright—remembered God first. Notice his faith in God's power. 'Lord,' he cried, 'it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power.' This son of idolatrous and evil ancestors had come to possess true faith and reliance on God.

He had done his best to prepare his people for their own defense, but he confesses that God can save them regardless of the power they possess, and he relies on him. What was the result? Judah was overwhelmingly victorious.

If we follow out Asa's history, we discover that he was not always as faithful to God as at first, and the brighter part of his reign came at the beginning, still he is reckoned as one of the good kings.

The lesson for July 24 is 'Jehoshaphat's Reform.' II. Chronicles xix., 1-11.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 17.—Topic—The world's gain through universal peace. Psalm xlvi., 9-11; Isa. ii., 2-4.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GIVING.

Monday, July 11.—Beginning a long journey. Gen. xxviii., 1-5.

Tuesday, July 12.—A vision and a promise Gen. xxviii., 10-17.

Wednesday, July 13.—A cheerful giver. II. Cor. ix., 6, 7.

Thursday, July 14.—Willing givers. Ex. xxv., 2.

Friday, July 15.—Generous giving. Prov. xi., 25.

Saturday, July 16.—Blessedness of giving. Acts xx., 35.

Sunday, July 18.—Topic—A lesson in giving. Gen. xxviii., 12-22; I. Cor. xvi., 2.

Aim every shot at the centre. Select a few good points and enlarge on them. In this way they will most likely be remembered. And three good points well developed are worth more than three times as many just suggested and then left only to be forgotten.

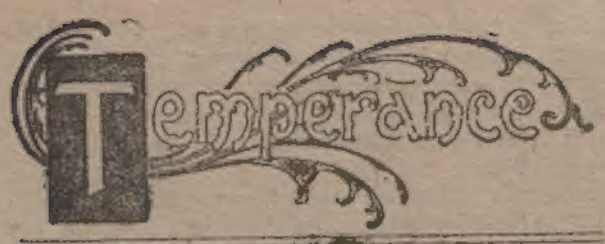
The Teacher's Duty.

Any worker in a live Sunday-school or in a dead-and-alive one, ought to do his best to secure an improvement in his charge; but the poorer the condition of the school the greater the need, and hence the possible value of his work. It is a shame for a Sunday-school worker to close a school, to suspend a teachers' meeting, or to give up a class on the ground of its sickliness. The writer once visited a povety-stricken home, where he saw an emaciated little child lying in evident neglect on an uncleanly bed. Asking the mother if a phyeician had seen that child, he learned that nothing was done for the little one. 'And why not?' he inquired. 'Ah! it's a sickly one. It's not worth the raising,' was the cold-blooded response. That mother did not propose to waste her strength upon a dead-and-alive little one. And she was of much the same spirit as a Sunday-school worker who abandons his charge because of its sickliness.—'Living Epistle.'

How many who pass through our colleges learn only to use big words to express little thoughts.—Bishop Spalding.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.



The Big Wheel.

See, now, the wheel of the traffic keeps grinding
Greedily, noisily whirling away;
Round the limbs of the Empire all stealthily winding
A chain, which grows longer and stronger each day.
Bustling and heedless, the crowd onward rushes,
Plucking at pleasure and snatching at gold,
And the great wheel grinds on all unchecked while it crushes
The lives that were fair and the hearts that were bold.
Mangling and maiming them one by one
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

On whirls the wheel—from the rushing crowd snatching
The gifted, the richest, the fairest and best;
Up to its spikes, with a cruel laugh, catching
The singer of song, and the maker of jest.
Stretching the dimple of innocent gladness
Into a grimace, a groan or a leer;
Whirling the song into shrieking of madness,
Crushing the courage to shrinking and fear.
Snatching and catching them one by one—
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

In goes the grain, which the summer sun ripened
To full luscious glory—the earth's golden wealth;
Out comes the liquor—the working-man's stipend,
Which robs him of manhood, of pleasure, of health.
In drops the grapes, with their life-giving nectar,
The beautiful fruits of the rich trailing vine;
Out flows the wine, where there moveth a spectre
Of death which lies low in its bubble and shine,
Stealing the land-jewels one by one—
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

In tumbles wealth with a gleam and a glitter,
Great bags of gold that are full to the rim;
Out comes black poverty, loathsome and bitter,
Gaunt staring hunger, all naked and grim;
In creepeth genius with noble thought soaling
The heights of the mighty, the summit of fame;
Out rushes madness, with curses and wailing,
Great intellects shattered, and brain all a-flame.
Bright talents blasting one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!

In goes a laughing maid, sparkling with beauty,
Eyes fair with innocence, brow smooth with youth;
Out comes a hag, lost to virtue and duty,
Cursing at innocence, railing at truth,
In goes a boy, true of heart and clean-handed,
Born to inherit the treasures of right—
Out sneaks a thief, with his name thickly branded,
To walk in the shade of dishonor's black night.
Youth's blossoms withering one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes the mother, her gentle eyes lighted,
With love for her little ones, rosy and sweet,
Out comes the fiend, and the children, affrighted,
Shiver and shake at the sounds of her feet.
In goes the father—the sturdy breadwinner,
Whose worth and affection the long years have proved;
Out comes the murderer—earth's greatest sinner,
His hand stained with blood of the child he once loved.
Crushing God's little lambs one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes the patriot, warm with ambition,
The lover of country, the valiant and strong;
Out comes the schemer, all black with sedition,
The worker of evil, the spreader of wrong.
In goes the preacher, all pure and God-fearing,
Heaven's zealous servant—with faith in his breast;
Out comes the infidel, scoffing and sneering,
At faith and religion, and all that is blest.
Slaying God's holy souls one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

On and still on through the march of the ages,
Dotting the land with the suicides' graves;
Tracing black stories on history's pages,
Changing the freemen to cowards and to slaves.
Ever and ever that shameful chain winding,
Till one day the nation shall turn from its play,
To find in the wheel that keeps grinding and grinding,
The glories of Empire have rotted away.
Weakening our country's powers one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.
—Mary Magdalen Forrester, in 'National Advocate.'

What a Little Girl Did.

The city was putting water pipes through the street in front of a modern suburban home and the little daughter of the house became very much interested in the process. The ground was torn up, and muddy coats and grimy shirts disfigured the trim fence. The gang on duty were a hard-working, harder talking and an exceedingly thirsty lot of men. A little girl, Hetty by name, watched them from the house with absorbing attention. It was cold autumn weather, and their voices were sharp upon the still air. One noon the child came to her mother in great distress.

'They are passing a black bottle around, and one man is talking very loud and saying wicked things.'

'Perhaps they are drinking; you had better keep away,' replied the cautious mother.

Hetty's face grew quite sad, and that night she prayed for the 'poor man who drank while laying the water-pipe.' A little before noon the next day she approached her mother very timidly.

'What do you wish, my dear?'

'Please, do you think I may make some coffee for the men, mother? I think they would like it.'

Then the thought flashed through the lady's mind: 'There are many to sell them beer and none to sell them coffee.'

'Why, there are nearly thirty of them,' she said aloud. 'I don't think I can afford to give all of them coffee.'

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed the disappointed girl.

'Well, if you are disappointed, you have enough money in your bank,' said the mother. 'You can go to the grocery store and buy coffee and sell it to the men at two cents a cup. If they want coffee at all they would rather pay for it.'

To the grocer's then the child flew. 'It ain't any use,' said the grocery man, promptly. 'The men will have their beer. They won't take coffee if you give it to them.'

'I shan't give it,' said Hetty. 'I'm going to sell it.'

And sell it she did.

At first the rough men were greatly surprised at the girl's steaming pail and her pretty, business-like manner; but soon they bought and drank, and smacked their lips. Some of them declared that hot coffee like this was 'better than beer.'

The girl-pedler soon had all she could do. She took another girl as partner the next day, and was successful beyond her sanguine hopes. The neighborhood was all alive with interest in the new venture; but the most surprising thing of all was that the oaths and rude language were now seldom heard upon that street. A new gentleman seemed to have been born in the spirit of these rough men. Their foreman declared that for the time the little miss came he never had a better gang of laborers under him. He, too, had found it possible not to swear at his men.

But, too soon the men passed on up the street, and Hetty could no longer serve them; but the incident that took place in an Eastern town recalls the fact that we by thoughtfulness and attention, can find little ways of serving and benefiting others that will make both them and us happier and better. It is because of our indifference that it is not done.

Ernest Thompson Seton on Tobacco.

The anti-cigarette league committee of the Twentieth Century Club of Detroit, of which Mrs. Charlotte S. Angstman is the chairman, recently received the following letter from Ernest Thompson Seton, whose books are so popular with boys:

Dear Madame,—In response to yours of June 27, I have never smoked in my life, and I have always been strongly opposed to the use of tobacco by boys. In my camp of boy Indians, of which we have between sixty and seventy in the country, a constitutional law is 'no smoking.' I would give a great deal if I could stamp out this pernicious habit.

Wishing you success in your fight, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

New York, Jan. 30. 1904.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of June 25, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The State of Russia—The 'Standard,' London.
Behind the Scenes in Russia—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Last Letters of Vassili Verestchagin—English Papers.
Corea and its Royal House—The Murder of Queen Min—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Situation in Tibet—The 'Spectator,' London.
On Purchasing a Motor-Car—W. E. Humphry, in the 'Outlook,' London.
Relics of the Spanish Armada—The 'Scientific American.'
Teaching or Lecturing—The New York 'Evening Post.'
At Home vs. 'At Homes'—Lady Colin Campbell, in the Bristol 'Times and Mirror.'
The Royal Commission on Tuberculosis—By a Physician, in the 'Standard,' London.
New York and London Servants—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Sympathy for Mark Twain's Bereavement—The 'Daily News,' London.
A Negro Potentate—The 'Pall Mall Gazette,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A New 'Light of the World'—Dr. Furnivall, in the 'Westminster Gazette,' London.
A Speech by Sir Henry Irving, Foreshadowing His Retirement—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Sir Henry Irving as He Now Appears—The 'Outlook,' London.
The Harmony of Discord—Vernon Blackburn, in the 'Musical Times,' London.
The Herkomer Art School—The 'Speaker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Song—Sir Charles Sedley.
Radium—Poem, by R. H. Law, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Of Books—The 'Academy,' London.
'Andy' Wauchope—By Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly.'
A View of the English Character—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Sixpence at the Bookstalls—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Mind of St. Peter—The 'Spectator,' London.
Thoughts of the Wise—Count Tolstoy.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Nests and Their Effects—O. H. Latter, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Elusive Bird Nest—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Making the Dumb to Speak—A. E. C., in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Machine for Magnifying Time—The 'Technical World,' Chicago.
Raising Dishrags—The 'Tribune,' New York.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Correspondence

THE DELLA MEMORIAL.

Dear Boys and Girls,—The 'Northern Messengers' that are sent to Virginia, in memory of little Della, who wanted to be a missionary, are much appreciated by those who receive them. In the name of those who would otherwise be unable to get any good reading matter, we thank those of our readers who have kindly contributed to this fund. Do not forget to pray for these your brothers and sisters of a different race and color, for 'the gift without the giver is bare,' and we should always follow a gift with a prayer for God's blessing upon it and upon those who will receive it. Then those who receive should also thank God and ask his blessing upon those who gave. In this way all giving and all receiving should be to the glory of God, the Giver of all things.

Your loving friend,
CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

The following amounts have been received for the Della Memorial Fund:

Ena and Archie Sharpe, Princeton, Ont.$	.20
Fanny Burrell, North Kemptville, N.S..	.10
Georgia May, Winsloe Road, P.E.I.	.20
Birdie Devine, Saltford, Ont...	.20
Estella Mills, Sonora, N.S.	.20
Mrs. Brust, Troy, N.Y.	.25
Sunday-school, Dowen Island, B.C... ..	2.20
	$3.35

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

JULY.

1.
As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God. Rom. viii., 14.

2.
Reckon ye also yourselves . . alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi., 11.
Flossie Eva Sullivan (10 years old).

3.
Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Rom. xii., 21.
Annie E. Williston.

4.
Bless and curse not. Romans xii., 14.

5.
Be kindly affectioned one to another. Romans xii., 10.

6.
He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. Romans xiii., 8.

7.
Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. Romans xiii., 10.

8.
Charity beareth all things. I. Cor, xiii., 7. Follow after charity. I. Cor. xiv., 1.

9.
Let all your things be done with charity. I. Cor. xvi., 14.
Thomas D. Hetcoate.

10.
My grace is sufficient for thee. II. Cor, xii. 9.

11.
So fight I not as one that beateth the air. I. Cor. ix., 26.

12.
Your labor is not in vain in the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.
Marion L. White, Lawrence Cameron.

13.
If God be for us who can be against us? Rom. viii., 31.

14.
Even us, whom he hath called. Romans ix., 24. Lottie Muntz (14 years old).

15.
Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. Romans ix., 33.
Harry Nelson.

16.
Watch ye, stand fast, in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. I. Cor. xvi., 13.

17.
Let us follow after the things which make for peace. Romans xiv., 19.
Eldom A. Layman (7 years old).

18.
Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.
Marion Weldon.

19.
The Spirit . . . helpeth our infirmities. Romans viii., 26.

20.
We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. Romans viii., 37.

21.
Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I. Cor. xv., 57.

22.
In everything ye are enriched by him. I. Cor. i., 5.
Christina A. McKinnon (12 years old).

23.
All things work together for good to them that love God. Romans viii., 28.

24.
Ye are Christ's. I. Cor. iii., 23.

25.
Ye are bought with a price. I. Cor. vi., 20.

26.
Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Romans xiii., 14.

27.
The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. I. Cor. iv., 20.

28.
Stand fast . . . in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Gal. v., 1.

29.
The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law. Gal. v., 22, 23.

30.
Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Gal. vi., 2.

31
The exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe . . . which he wrought in Christ. Eph. i., 19, 20.

Summerville.

Dear Editor,—As I was reading the 'Messenger' and the letters in it, I thought that I would write one. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on July 15. I was reading a letter, in the Correspondence, of a little girl whose birthday was on the same day as mine. Her name was Gladys A. I have no brothers or sisters. I live on a big hill. I can see Avon river and down to Cape Blomidon. It is a pretty place where I live. I go to day-school, and I am in the fifth grade. I study health reader, geography and reader. My papa is a sailor. I have no pets now, but I am going to get a little kitten soon. I do not have very far to go to school. I go to Sunday-school. We have a lovely library. I have quite a number of books: 'The Brian's Home,' 'A Cape Ann Chronicle,' 'Mark Steadman,' 'The Grey House on the Hill,' 'Carrie Elsworth,' 'Stories of the Ocean,' and many others. We have forty-eight in our day-school.

ETNA V. S.

Dorchester, N.B.

Dear Editor,—The steamer my papa is on is out in the river, and he comes home every night, and once he brought me a nice doll. I have one grandma only, two brothers and no sisters. I like the 'Messenger' very much, it is such a lovely paper. I would like very much to have my name on the birthday book. For pets I have a canary. My favorite flowers are roses.

MINA R. P.

Kingsmill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age, and as I have seen no letters from here, I thought I would now write one. I live on a farm of two-hundred acres. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth class. I have about a mile to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss McK. We all like her very much. I wrote once before, and am glad to say it escaped the waste basket. I have five brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is married. My birthday is on January 5. For pets I have three little kittens. My father has twenty-five cows and five horses. Our place is very pretty. It has a hedge in front and has a great many shade trees. Our house is made of stone. I get your paper at Sunday-school. I like to read the correspondence and the page of 'Little Folks.' I have read a great number of books. Some of them are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Hazlewood Farm,' and many others. We have a library at our school, and so I have a great many books to read from it. I go to the Disciple Church, which is about two and a-half miles from our place.

ELSIE C.

Lewisport, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year. I have three sisters and one brother, all younger than myself, except one. I am fourteen years old. My oldest sister is in St. John's going to school. We used to live at Exploits, but moved here two years ago. It was a very cold winter here. We built a new house last year, but it was not finished till the cold weather began, and we have not had time to make improvements on the outside. We had our stable burnt last fall, and four hens. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a mile to walk to school. My father has a boat, and we go out very often, and at times we do some fishing. There was not any good skating here last winter. I had a pet cat named Tim, but he went away two or three months ago, and I have not seen him since. I have read several books, including 'Black Beauty,' 'The Cottage by the Lynn,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'The Letter of Credit,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'The Man from Glengarry,' and 'Tony the Tramp.'

DAISY JANE GERTRUDE LILLY B.

Springhill, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a very interested reader of your valuable paper, the 'Messenger,' and I think the stories are excellent. I am very fond of reading, and have read scores of books and papers. I belong to the Band of Hope here, and would like to join the Royal League of Kindness, but I fear I should not be able to keep the rules. I am sure I should never be able to 'think kind thoughts' always, although I might 'do kind deeds.'

LEIGH H.

Bloomfield, Car. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We began taking the 'Messenger' in our family about sixteen years ago—before I was born. My grandfather was one of the first settlers of this place, which was a wilderness, the home of wolves and other wild animals, which have long since disappeared, when he first came here. He left his home in the north of England when he was thirteen years old, and followed the sea for several years. He sailed in the first whaling vessel that left St. John's Harbor. He cut the first tree here, on June 9, 1845, and built a log hut, which was soon replaced by a frame house. It was destroyed by fire, together with several other buildings, in 1888, and our present house was built soon after that. My great-grandfather was the first missionary sent out from England to Nova Scotia. My grandfather lives with us yet. He was ninety-two years old on the King's Birthday. This is the best farming country in New Brunswick, and most of the inhabitants are engaged in agriculture.

MYRON V. S. (aged 11).

Maquapit Lake, Sheffield,
Sunbury Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading, and have read many books, some of which are:—'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Our Bessie,' 'Aunt Jane's Hero,' 'St. Elmo,' 'Lena Rivers,' 'Jane Eyre,' My favorite author is Mary J. Holmes. I have no brothers or sisters. For pets I have three hens, a cow, and a dog.

RETTA B. F. (aged 14).

HOUSEHOLD.

A Praying Mother.

(The Rev. C. H. Wetherbe, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Many a Christian mother, whose husband is an unconverted man, is doing a great work for her children by her prayers and her godly example. For the encouragement of such mothers I will narrate an instance. In the place where I reside there live a man and his wife. The husband is a respectable man, has good habits and is very industrious, but he is unconverted. So far as I know he is not skeptical in regard to Christianity. These people have five sons and two daughters, all of whom have grown to manhood and womanhood. The mother is a sterling Christian; she is, therefore, a praying mother. I have been told that all through the years when the children were growing up she constantly maintained family prayers in her household. Each day she read the Bible in the presence of the family and then offered prayer in behalf of husband, children and others.

She began this practice with the beginning of her married career and kept it up under all circumstances. It doubtless required a good deal of courage to do this, but she had all the courage that she needed for her duty. And what are some of the results of this praying mother's course? Three of the sons and both of the daughters entered the Christian life at an early age, and these children have ever honored their profession of Christ. Nearly all of them have pursued quite thorough literary courses, obtaining a liberal education. The eldest daughter and three of the sons have been graduated from a normal school, and the youngest daughter is now taking a university course. The eldest son is a physician of large practice. Two other sons are principals of high schools.

Can it be wondered at if this mother takes a modest pride in her children? Of course, the father is greatly pleased with such noble children. And ought he not to be a Christian, too? Yes, and we wonder why he did not become one long ago; but, strange as it may seem, many a husband of a praying wife refuses to be a Christian. But I want to urge those Christian mothers, whose husbands are unconverted, to imitate the powerful example of the mother that I have been describing. Hard though the task may seem to them to be, yet let them undertake the good work of maintaining special devotions in their families, day by day. If they will read only a few verses from the Bible and then offer a brief prayer, the service may go far towards directing the children, and perhaps the husbands, into the path of eternal life and Christian prosperity.

Hot Weather Hints.

Hot weather is now with us, and it time to be thinking about summer cookery. Do not give your family so much meat as they have been eating; provide eggs and fish. And have both perfectly fresh.

There are a great many women quite expert in the matter of selecting meats who are absolutely untaught when it comes to the ordeal of standing beside the fish stand and making a purchase.

Fish, no less than meat, have certain well-nigh infallible signs and symbols, which, if accurately read by the marketer, will conduce to the good health and the gastronomic pleasure of those to whom they are served as food.

Of course, the test of the eye of the fish is well known—if the eye be clear, its circles of color brightly outlined and the cornea full and rounded, the fish is prime. As to the gills—they must be vividly red—if pale pink and verging towards gray, bad condition may be almost certainly expected. Another credential to freshness is the glint on the scales, which must have a bright color running into prismatic hues when the scale is of the bright colored variety, while if it be dark the test comes in the 'moist' tint.

Judging fish by the scales requires much eye-practice, much the same as judging the quality of meat by the color of the fat or the tone of the 'red.'

After the fish is served, which of course, is too late to remedy matters on that occasion, but not too late for a look to the future, a pretty sure test of fresh fish is given if the backbone leaves the flesh clean and white. If a shadowy line remains the fish has passed beyond its prime.—'Union Gospel News.'

Catsup Making.

Catsup is one of the most appetizing articles of diet for winter use, and is easily prepared. The tomato and cucumber are the best vegetables for the purpose, and may be used both ripe or green. They may be cooked and seasoned in a number of different ways or made in their raw state. Spices should be pure and so proportioned as to prevent any one prevailing to the exclusion of the others, cloves, allspice, mace and cinnamon being generally used. Onions, garlic, horseradish, black and white mustard seed, celery seed, give to the mixture an excellent flavor. The vinegard used for catsup should be pure and strong. A porcelain-lined kettle is best for the cooking. After being made catsups should be bottled or put in glass jars, sealed and kept in a cool, dry place.

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